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The PRICE By FRANCIS LYNDE ILLUSTRATIONS BY C.D. RHODES

CHAPTER XXI.

All That a Man Hath.

For four entire days after Margery Grison had driven home the nail of the elemental virtues in her frank criticism of the new book, and Charlotte Farnham had clinched it, Walcott's public had said nothing of Grison; and Mrs. Holcomb, motherly soul, was driven to expostulate scoldingly with her second-floor front who was pushing the pen feverishly from dawn to the small hours, and evidently—in the kindly widow's phrase—burning the candle at both ends and in the middle.

Out of this candle-burning frenzy the toiler emerged in the afternoon of the fifth day, a little pallid and tremulous from the overstrain, but with a thick packet of fresh manuscript to bulge in his pocket when he made his way, blinking at the unwonted sunlight of out-of-doors, to the great house at the lake's edge.

Margery was waiting for him when he rang the bell; he guessed it gratefully, and she confirmed it.

"Of course," she said, with the bewitching little grimace which could be made to mean so much or so little. "Isn't this your afternoon? Why shouldn't I be waiting for you? Then, with a sweet sympathetic glance for the pale face and the tired eyes: 'You've been overworking again. Let's sit out here on the porch where we can have what little air there is. There must be a storm brewing; it's positively breathless in the house.'"

Grison was glad enough to acquiesce; glad and restfully happy and mildly intoxicated with her beauty and the loving rudeness with which she pushed him into the easiest of the great lounging chairs and took the sheaf of manuscript away from him, declaring that she meant to read it herself.

When it was over, and he could not tell whether the interval should be measured by minutes or hours; the return to the realities—the hot after-



"I've Got Him!" He Cried.

noon, the tree-shaded veranda, the lake dim and like a sheet of molten metal under the sun glare—was almost painful.

"It is wonderful—simply wonderful!" he said, drawing a deep breath; and then, with a flush of honest confusion to drive away the work pallor: "Of course, you know I don't mean the story; I meant your reading of it. Haven't anyone ever told you that you have the making of a great actress in you, Margery, girl?"

No. She was smiling across at him level-eyed. "Let me pass it back to you, dear boy," she said. "You have the making of a great novelist in you. It may take years and years, and—and I'm afraid you'll always have to be helped; but if you can only get the right kind of help. . . . She looked away, out across the lake where a fitful breeze was turning the molten-metal dimples into laughing wavelets. Then, with one of her sudden topic-wrenchings: "Speaking of help, reminds me. Why didn't you tell me you had gone into the foundry business with Edward Raymer?"

"Because it didn't occur to me that you would care to know, I guess," he answered unsuspiciously. "As a matter of fact, I had almost forgotten it myself."

"Mr. Raymer didn't ask you for help?"

"No; it was my own offer."

"But he did tell you that he was in trouble?"

"Yes," she said.

"What kind of trouble was it, Kenneth? I have the best right in the world to know."

Grison straightened himself in his chair and the work-weariness became a thing of the past.

"You can't have a right to know anything that will distress you."

"Foolish!" she chided. "You may as well tell me, Mr. Raymer had borrowed money at poppa's bank. What was the matter? Did he have to pay it back—all at once?"

"There seems to be no further opening for evasion. 'Yes; I think that was the way of it,' he answered."

Grison expected something in the nature of an outburst. What he got was a transfixing glance of the passionate sort, quick with open-eyed admiration.

"And you just tossed your money into the breach as if you had millions of it, and by now you're almost forgotten that you did it?" she exclaimed.

"Kenneth, dear, there are times when you are so heavenly good that I can

hardly believe it. Are there any more men like you over on your side of the world?"

At another time he might have smiled at the boyish frankness of the question. But it was a better motive than the analyst's that prompted his answer.

"Plenty of them, Margery, girl; too many for the good of the race. You mustn't try to make a hero out of me. Once in a while I get a glimpse of the real Kenneth Grison; you're giving me one just now—and it's sickening. For a moment I was meanly jealous; jealous of Raymer. It was only the writing part of me, I hope, but—"

He stopped because she had suddenly turned her back on him and was looking over the lake again. When she spoke, she said: "See! The breeze is freshening out on the water. You are fagged and tired and needing a bracer. Let's go and do a turn on the lake in the Clyde."

From where he was sitting Grison could see the trim little catboat, resplendent in polished brass and mahogany, riding at its buoy beyond the lawn landing-stage. He cared little for the water, but the invitation pointed to a delightful prolongation of the basking process which had come to be one of the chief luxuries of the Mercereau afternoons.

At the landing stage Grison made himself useful, paying out the sea line of the movable mooring buoy and hauling on the shore line until the handsome little craft lay at their feet. Strictly under orders he made sail on the little ship, and when the captain had taken her place at the tiller he shoved off; and when the helmsman had laid the course up the lake, Grison, pile filled and lighted, piloted his head in his clasped hands and a great contentment, flowing into all the interstices and leveling all the inequalities, lapped him in its soothing flood.

He was still half-dozing when he was made to realize that the murmuring rush of water under the catboat's forefoot had changed into a series of resounding thumps; that the wind was rising, and when the summer afternoon sky had become suddenly overcast. The pretty tiller maiden was pushing the helm down with her foot and hauling in briskly on the sheet when he sat up.

"What's this we're coming to?" he asked, thinking less of the changed weather conditions than of the charming picture she made in action. "Weather," she said shortly. "Look behind you."

He looked and saw a huge storm cloud rising out of the northwest and spreading like a great gray dust curtain from horizon to zenith. "There's a good bunch of wind in that cloud," he said, springing to help his companion with the slatted mainsail. "Hadden't we better lie up under the island and let it blow over?"

"No," she snapped. "We'll have to reef and be quick about it. Help me."

He helped with the reefing and the great mainsail had been successfully reduced to its smallest area and hoisted home again before the trees on the western shore began to howl and churn in the precursor blasts of the coming storm.

"It will hit us in less than a minute; how about weathering that island?" he asked.

"We've got to weather it," was the instant decision; we can't go around."

Then, the catboat still hanging in the wind's eye: "Help me get her over."

"Hadden't you better let her fall off a little more and run for it?" he suggested, and he had to shout it into the pink ear nearest to him to make himself heard above the roaring of the wind and the crashing plunges of the boat.

"Yes," she said.

"Yes; and that is about all that can be said. He isn't drowned; but he is old, and the shock has gone pretty near to snapping the thread."

"Of course you remember him?" she said, looking away across the leaping waters.

Grison, with his heart on fire with generous emotions, felt the cold hand gripping him again.

"He is the old gentleman you introduced me to at the Inn the other day; Galbraith; is that the name?"

"Yes," she rejoined, still looking away; "that is the name."

Grison felt silent for the time; but a little later, when the catboat was rushing in long plunges through the entrance to the Wahaskan arm of the lake, he said: "You are going to take him to Mercedes?"

"Yes. He is a friend of poppa's. And, anyway, it's the nearest place, and you said there was no time to lose."

Grison helped the bearers to lift the blanketed figure out of the Clyde's cockpit, and while he was doing it, the steel-gray eyes of the rescued one opened slowly to fix a stony gaze upon the face of the man who was bending over him. What the thin lips were muttering Grison heard, and so did one of them. "So it's you, is it, ye murdering blue-eyed devil!" and then:

"Oh, man, man, but I'm sick!"

Grison walked with Margery at the tail of the little procession as it wound its way up the path to the great house.

"You heard what he said?" he inquired craftily.

"Yes; he is out of his head, and no wonder," she said soberly. Then: "You must go home and change at once; you are drenched to the skin. Don't wait to come in. I'll take care of you tomorrow."

(To be continued.)

More than 600 American boys, under 18 years of age, have been discharged from the British army at the request of the state department. The boys enlisted with Canadian regiments by misrepresenting their ages.

trying to come about! If he got into the trough—"

The thing was done almost as he spoke. A wilder squall than any of the preceding ones caught the upper works of the launch, and heeled her spitefully. At the critical instant the steersman lost his head and spun the wheel, and it was all over. With a heaving plunge and a muffled explosion the launch was gone.

Once again Grison was given to see the stuff Margery Grison was made of in the finer way and woof of her.

"That's for us," she said calmly; and then: "Help me get another inch or two on this sheet. We don't want to let those people on the Osprey do all the heroic things."

Together they held the catboat down to its work, sending it ripping through the crested waves and fighting studiously for every foot of the precious windward advantage. None the less, it was the big schooner, thrashing down the wind with every square yard of its reefed canvas drawing, which was first at the scene of the disaster. Through the rain and spume they could see the schooner's crew picking up the shipwrecked passengers, who were clinging to lifeboats, broken bulkheads and anything that would float. So swiftly was the rescue effected that the rescuer had luffed and filled and was tearing on its way down the lake again when the close-hauled Clyde came up with the first of the floating wreckage. The tiller maiden's dark eyes were shining again, but this time their brightness was of tears.

"Oh, boy, boy!" she cried, with a little heartbroken catch in her voice; "some of them must have gone down with her! Can you believe that the Osprey got them all?" And then, with a sweet little trembling: "I did my best, Kenneth; my very best—and it wasn't—good enough!"

She was putting the catboat up into the wind, Grison stumbled forward to get the broader outlook. Suddenly he called back to her.

"Port—port your helm hard! There's a man in a lifeboat—he's just out of reach. Hold her there—steady—steady!" He had thrown himself flat, face down, on the half-deck forward and was clutching at something in the heaving sea.

A little later he was working his way aft, holding the man's face out of water.

It asked for their united strength to get the gray-haired, heavy-bodied victim of the capsize over the Clyde's rail. They had to bring the lifeboat too; the old man's fingers were sunk into it with a dying grip that could not be broken. At first Grison was too much pre-occupied and shocked to recognize the drawn face with its hard-lined mouth and long upper lip.

A little later he did recognize it; the gripper fear was at his heart—the fear that makes a cruel coward of the hunted thing in all nature.

What might have happened if he had been alone; if Margery, taking her place at the tiller and buying herself swiftly in getting the catboat under way again, had not been looking on; he dared not think. And that other frightful thought he put away, fighting against it madly as a condemned man might push the cup of hemlock down his throat. Forcibly breaking the drowned one's hold upon the lifebelt, he fell to work energetically, resorting to the first aid expedients for the reviving of the drowned as he had learned them in his boyhood. Once, only, he flung a word over his shoulder at Margery as he fought for the old man's life. "Make for the nearest landing where we can get a doctor!"

He commanded; and then, in a passion of gratitude: "O God, I thank thee that I am not a murderer!—he's coming back! He's breathing again!"

A little later he was able to leave off the first-aid arm-pumpings and chest-pressings; to straighten the limp and sprawling limbs, and to dive into the cuddly cabin, under Margery's directions, for blankets and rugs. When all was done that could be done, and he had propped the blanket-swathed body with the cushions so that the crash and plunge of the pitching catboat would be minimized for the sufferer, he went aft to sit beside the helmsman, who was getting the final wave-leap of speed out of the little vessel.

"He's alive!" she said.

"Yes; and that is about all that can be said. He isn't drowned; but he is old, and the shock has gone pretty near to snapping the thread."

"Of course you remember him?" she said, looking away across the leaping waters.

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(To be continued.)

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FOOTSTEPS OF THE FATHERS

As Traced In Early Files of The Yorkville Enquirer.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF YESTERDAY

Bringing Up Records of the Past and Giving the Younger Readers of Today a Pretty Comprehensive Knowledge of the Things that Most Concerned Generations that Have Gone Before.

The first installment of the notes appearing under this heading was published in our issue of November 14, 1913. The notes are being prepared by the editor as time and opportunity permit. Their purpose is to bring into review the events of the past for the pleasure and satisfaction of the older people and for the entertainment and instruction of the present generation.

156TH INSTALLMENT

(Thursday Morning, Aug. 16, 1866.)

The Drouth.

Some of our farmers say there has not been a dew in many parts of this district since June. Whether this statement is exaggerated or not, we have not had a general rain in nearly two months. The corn is twisted into yellow ribbons and the half grown cotton pods have begun to open nearly a month in advance of the time of maturity.

As the government has donated several million acres of land in the west to freedmen, and probably transportation to their new homes, they had better take the hint and leave. There will not be food enough raised here to feed those who are not the favored pensioners of the government. If the blacks will leave there will be a larger share for the hungry.

(Thursday Morning, Aug. 23, 1866.)

Married—In York district, on the 14th inst., by Rev. W. W. Hatchford, Mr. Thos. P. Whitson and Mrs. M. A. Quinn, all of this district.

Ordinary's Election.

The following is the result of an election held in this district on Tuesday last, the 21st inst., for ordinary:

Precincts.	F. C. Harris.	J. M. Hope.	J. J. Brown.	D. P. Darwin.	Total.
Yorkville	77	97	109	109	393
Allison's	2	0	8	12	22
Brattonville	7	6	9	5	27
Boydton	2	12	2	1	17
Bethel	16	4	25	6	51
Clark's Store	3	7	5	12	27
Clay Hill	16	1	15	7	39
Coats' Tavern	19	11	1	2	33
Center Church	8	4	8	1	21
Boomer's	24	15	3	4	46
Pearson's	5	7	17	4	33
Port Mill	51	10	7	6	74
King's Mt.	2	7	0	3	12
McConnellsville	19	2	9	1	31
Moore's	0	5	5	4	14
Rock Hill	41	23	12	6	82
Sharon	3	23	2	0	28
Shiloh	8	20	4	2	34
Turkey Creek	7	12	2	0	21
Wyllies	8	47	13	6	74
Total	320	301	267	191	1,079

(Thursday Morning, Sept. 4, 1866.)

Married—On Tuesday, 4th inst., by Rev. J. F. Watson, Mr. W. W. White and Miss M. J. Wyllie, all of this district.

New Fire Engine.

The Yorkville Fire company, profiting by the examples of disaster that have befallen so many of our up-country towns, have just been provided with an elegant double deck fire engine.

The town council with a wise liberality, has substantially aided the efforts of the fire company in this undertaking. The "machine" arrived here on Tuesday and is now under the watchful care of those who expect to use it in case its services should be needed.

The "boys" have not yet tested their new acquisition but expect to do so soon, when the little folks may expect a fine time generally.

(Thursday Morning, Oct. 4, 1866.)

Signs of the Times.

It is painful for us to have to record week after week the signs of danger that threaten more disastrously than ever before the people of the south. The Code of Principles adopted by the national convention at Philadelphia, infused in us a feeble ray of hope that counsels might prevail and social order and harmony once more exist between the sections of the north and south. Events have dispelled those illusions. Prominent men who supported the principles adopted by the convention have gone over to the fanatics; newspapers have also yielded to the pressure and changed their politics to accord to what seems to be the popular voice of the north. The New York Herald, the Times, Post and News are embraced in the category.

The radicals will, without doubt, control the next congress. Re-inforced by the sentiment of their constituents as to their action during the last session, we cannot reasonably estimate the bounds of further legislation. The crimes of the southern people in their struggle for liberty is now the cry of fanatics. Slavery to the negro and the freedom and property of the whites are already gone. Punishment to the persons of the rebels, confiscation of the property and disfranchisement is all the programme will further afford. How long this will be continued is for the future to determine. The south may not yet expect justice, clemency or any of the privileges accorded the vanquished. That hate supreme above all else now fills the bosoms of those who are to govern us and unquenched and unquenchable it will probably run its course. If that be not the future for us, something more than human genius can foresee must come to the rescue of the country. These surmises may be directed to the gloomy side of the picture and our fears groundless. We trust that they are, but a sensible interpretation of the signs of the times before us leads to a different view.

Monday last, sales day, attracted a number of persons to our

town. Several tracts of land were disposed of at public outcry, bringing more encouraging prices than have heretofore been realized for the species of property. \$8.00 per acre was the maximum price obtained and \$1.50 the minimum. A valuable lot on Liberty Street brought \$325.00, principally cash in gold.

The New Ordinary.

F. C. Harris, Esq., recently elected ordinary for this district, qualified and entered upon his duties of his office on Tuesday. While we regret to lose from the important office the services of J. A. Harris, a most worthy incumbent, we congratulate the people of the district upon the election of so worthy a successor.

Married—In this district on the 25th ultimo, by J. D. B. Currence, Esq., Mr. Samuel W. Wallace and Miss Harriet E. Cook, all of York district. (To be continued.)

GENERAL NEWS NOTES

Items of Interest Gathered from All Around the World.

The 1915 peace crop of West Virginia is estimated at 2,500,000 bushels.

The Alabama senate has defeated an equal suffrage bill by a vote of 21 to 10.

Thirteen New York families own one-fifth of all the land of the city, assessed at \$295,404,875.

The Krupp family, gunmakers of Germany, have subscribed for \$10,000,000 of the new German war loan.

Effective September 15th, the Standard Oil company of New Jersey, has granted 15,000,000 employees an eight hour day.

Compulsory education has been introduced in the city of Warsaw, patented after the compulsory education law of Germany.

Jos. J. Etter, Industrial Workers of the World organizer, has been sentenced to six months in jail at Waterbury, Conn., for breach of the peace.

Five men, one of them a negro, all murderers, were electrocuted at the Sing Sing, N. Y., prison last Friday morning, in 65 minutes. Three of them had murdered women.

The municipal council of Lodz, Poland, now in the hands of Germany, has banished the use of the Russian language, and only Polish and German will be used.

The municipal administration of Berlin is reported to have used \$13,750,000 during the first year of the war in relief work among the families of soldiers.

According to estimates of Dr. A. D. Melvin, chief of the Federal bureau of animal industry, the cattle kill last year cost the United States \$90,000,000.

The police of New York and other eastern cities are looking for Leopold Godowsky, a celebrated pianist of Avon, N. J. He disappeared in New York last Wednesday afternoon and has not been heard of since. It is feared that he is suffering from aphasia, due to overwork.

According to information received by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, New York, 1,000 Christians were slain in Urumiah, Persia, during the five months occupation of the place by the Turks. More than 4,000 others died of disease during the same period.

The police of Philadelphia believe that Samuel S. Cord, the real estate dealer of that city, whose dead body was found near Laurel Springs, N. J., last Tuesday, was murdered in Philadelphia at the instigation of business rivals and his body taken to the place where it was found in an automobile. The police claim to have a strong clue to the murderers.

After he had been badly beaten by two negroes and locked up by the pair, Friday, the chief of police of Hingham, Mass., was released by street car men. The officer then went after the pair, and killed one and arrested the other and locked him up. The policeman's skull was fractured and his nose broken by a blow from a hammer in the fight with the two men whom he had arrested for stealing an automobile.

Mrs. Elizabeth F. Mohr is held under \$10,000 bail at Providence, R. I., charged with having incited the murder of her husband, a prominent physician, by three negroes on the night of last week. She was arrested on the alleged confession of the negroes. The negroes allege that they were to receive \$5,000 for the murder of the doctor. The negroes have since denied the truthfulness of their confessions.

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